THE
Theatrical Observer;
AND
Daily Bills of the Play.

"Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice."—OTHELLO.

No. 2340. *Friday, June* 12, 1829. *Price* 1*d.*

"The Play's the thing!"—Ask for *Thomas's Observer.*

Drury Lane Theatre.

THE performances at this Theatre, yesterday evening, were the Comedy of *Love Makes a Man*, the Ballet of *Little Goody Two Shoes*, and the Farce of *The Green Eyed Monster*. The latter piece was admirably acted; in the scene where the tables are turned upon *Speyenhausen*, and he is cured of his green-eyed distemper by the *ruse* of every body's being jealous of him, Farren's acting was perfect. Indeed, through his whole performance, there was no straining nor exaggeration; but a rich, natural, and pure vein of Comedy, which effects every thing without seeming ambitious to overstep the modest bounds of acting. Miss E. Tree looked charmingly as *Amelia*, and Miss Love acted *Luise* with a good deal of naïveté: she was encored in the song 'I cannot marry Kraut.' That fascinating actress and singer, Miss Love, puts forth a most attractive entertainment to-night for her Benefit; we heartily wish her bumper.

Covent Garden Theatre.

LAST night, at this Theatre, Miss Smithson sustained the arduous character of *Belvidera*, for her own Benefit, and even surpassed the expectations we had formed from her previous efforts. Nothing could be more natural, or more affecting, than her whole conception of the part; passion was combined with lofty imagination, and she seemed to give herself up entirely to the sufferings of *Belvidera*. Her last scene was a master-piece—every nerve was strained, her frame convulsed, her breath suspended;—there was that terrible re-action of mental power on the scene, which forms the perfection of Tragedy, whether in acting or writing. The most cheering plaudits attended her through the whole of her performance. Mr. C. Kemble made an excellent *Pierre*:—in the scene before the Doge and Senators, he delivered his reproaches with the most bitter irony, and in the most energetic manner:—he was vehemently applauded. Mr. Cathcart, who made his début in the part of *Jaffier*, seemed to be well acquainted with stage business, and will, doubtless, prove a valuable acquisition to the Theatre; but we must see him in some other part before we can speak with decision on his talent: he appeared, we thought, to strain too much at making points, where the sense of his author did not bear him out. He met with a favorable reception. In the course of the evening, Mademoiselle Blasis sang an aria, by Pacini, 'L'ultimo giorno de Pompeia,' with great effect; and a young lady, a Miss Balls, (pupil of Mr. R. Evans) sang 'Lo! here the gentle Lark,' with much sweetness. *The Invincibles* followed, in which Miss Goward took the command of the Amazons, their former commander having deserted.

Miss Hughes has put forth a statement, that she has no interest in the night advertised as her Benefit, at Covent Garden Theatre; and she has also given up the part of *Lockit*, in *The Beggar's Opera*, reversed, to be performed on that occasion Her master, Mr. Watson, now claims the night as his own, but says that it was with the entire consent and knowledge of Miss Hughes that he announced her for the part of *Lockit*, and goes on to say, with more truth than gallantry, that the fair sex are proverbial for *caprice*, and he does not know why his pupil, Miss Hughes, should be expected to be free from the failure of her sex.

The secret with regard to the marriage of Mademoiselle Sontag, is said to be developed; she is united to Baron Clam, a Hungarian Noble of high character and family, but very little fortune. When this accomplished singer has by her professional exertions amassed sufficient wealth, she and her husband will retire to the Baron's native place, in the finest and most fertile part of Germany, to enjoy for the remainder of their lives their *otium cum dignitate*.

To the Editor of The Theatrical Observer.

Dear Mr. Editor, I address you from the Cigar Divan, King-street, Covent Garden, having just popt in to luxuriate on a capital cup of Coffee, and a true Havannah—beg pardon, hope I don't intrude—but will you excuse me—I have to mention, that I've arranged so as to rub shoulders with my friends, and the fashionable world, at one or other of the *Grand Lounges* about town.

On Monday, must take another peep at the two new views, at the Diorama, Regent's Park—was puzzled to decide which was the most beautiful, St. Peter's or the Village of Thiers—both exquisitely painted—the pictorial illusion complete—the water flowing, smoke ascending, sun shining—quite nature itself.—Had difficulty to persuade a fair lady next me, that we were really viewing merely pictures. Shall put off my journey to Italy, as I'm told, *sub rosa*, we shall have other views from that classic soil; and if as good as St. Peter's will satisfy me.

On Tuesday, I drop into th Exhibition of Sculpture, in Old Bond Street, to view the figures, life size, of Tam O'Shanter and Souter Johnny—work of a self-taught artist, James Thom—delighted beyond measure—fully expected to hear Tam's uproarious laugh—the expression so perfect; *pose* of figures admirable. Whoever has read Burns, (and who has not?) must see them

On Wednesday, I step into the Horse Bazaar, Baker Street—inspect the magnificent Exhibition of Musical and Mechanical Automa—Musical Lady, Juvenile Artist, Rope Dancer, Magician, Walking Figure, a magnificent Vase, made by order of Napoleon, Birds, &c. In the afternoon, I qualify Mrs. P.'s discordant notes with some harmony divine, and may be found between 1 and 4 o'clock, at *The Apollonicon*; in St. Martin's Lane.

On Thursday, I drop into Covent Garden Theatre to see *The Invincibles*, with *The Sublime and Beautiful*—always put me in a good humour—I am never tired of hearing Wood's '*Fairest Flower*,' and Miss Hughes's '*Hunter's Signal Horn*'—beautifully sung—nightly encored.

On Friday, I shall look in on Mr. Finn, in Regent Street, at his *Fancy Glass-working Exhibition*—an ingenious pretty Workshop. Afterwards, I drop in to examine *Miss Linwood's* curious Needle-Work, in Leicester Square.

Now having given you my week's perambulations, I'll kill an hour over one or two of eight Morning and Evening Papers at this aforesaid Divan, King Street—skim the Magazines, take a peep at a Chess match going on, whiff another Cigar, and then for the play—"the play's the thing"—but I intrude—beg pardon Your's, PAUL PRY

Printed and Published by E. Thomas, Denmark Court, Exeter-change, Strand.
All Communications must be post paid.—Printing in General.
☞ The Observer is delivered daily at the Residences of the Subscribers at *per Month*.

Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.

This Evening, the Comedy of The

Beaux Stratagem.

Aimwell, Mr DIDDEAR,
Freeman, Mr RAYMOND, Foigard, Mr POWER,
Archer, Mr C. KEMBLE,
Sullen, Mr BLANCHARD, Gibbet, Mr O. SMITH,
Scrub.....Mr KEELEY,
Boniface, Mr BARTLEY, Tapster, Mr HEATH,
Hounslow, Mr ATKINS, Bagshot, Mr FULLER.
Lady Bountiful, Mrs DAVENPORT,
Cherry, Miss FORDE, Gipsey, Mrs DALY,
Dorinda, Mrs CHATTERLEY,
Mrs Sullen..... Miss JARMAN.

After which, the Ballet of

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Principal Dancers.

Mr D'ALBERT, Mrs BEDFORD, Mrs VEDY, Miss THOMASIN
Miss EGAN, Miss GRIFFITHS, Miss VIALS, &c

To conclude with (26th time) a New Musical Tale of Romance called

The Devil's Elixir;

Or, the Shadowless Man.

Francesco,.....(*a Capuchin*).....Mr DIDDEAR,
Count Hermogen, (*his Brother*) Mr WOOD,
Gortsburg.....(*Demon of the Elixir*) .....Mr O. SMITH,
Nicholas, (*the Bell Toller*) Mr KEELEY,
Page, Master WATSON, The Shadow King, Mr PURDAY,
Oldburg and Stormworg, (*his Agents*) Messrs. HENRY & TETT,
The Prior of the Silver Palm Tree Monastery, Mr TURNOUR,
Spirits of the Elixir, Domestics of the Count, Bridesmen, Maids, &c
The Lady Aurelia, Miss HUGHES, Ureka, Miss GOWARD

In Act I—A PAS DE TROIS,
By Mesdames BEDFORD, EGAN, and THOMASIN

To-morrow, Lionel and Clarissa, with Riminiscences of Dibdin, and The Beggar's Opera.—Characters Reversed.—For the Benefit of Mr WATSON.

Theatre Royal, Drury Lane.

MISS LOVE's NIGHT.

This Evening, the Comedy of

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The Duke, Mr MUDE, Duke Frederick, Mr AITKEN,
Amiens, Mr BLAND, Le Beau, Mr LEE, Adam, Mr YOUNGE,
Jacques, Mr YOUNG, Orlando, Mr COOPER,
Dennis, Mr FENTON, Charles, Mr HOWELL, Corin, Mr HUGHES,
Touchstone, Mr HARLEY, Oliver, Mr J. VINING,
William, Mr WEBSTER, Jacques De Bois, Mr C. JONES.
Rosalind, (first time) Miss LOVE, who will sing
The celebrated Cuckoo Song,—' The Archer Boy,'—' Rise, gentle Moon,' & with Mrs Bedford, *' Tell me where is Fancy bred ?'*
Celia, Mrs BEDFORD, Phæbe, Miss CURTIS, Audrey, Mrs ORGER

Mr. BRAHAM

Will sing *' Oh ! 'tis a glorious sight to see,'* and *' Blue Bonnets.'*

' The Female Auctioneer,' Miss LOVE.

After which, the Interlude of

THE LOTTERY TICKET

Wormwood, M. LAPORTE,
Mr Capias.....Mr W. BENNETT, Charles.....Mr J. VINING,
Mrs Corset, Mrs C. JONES, Susan, Mrs ORGER.
A New Medley Ballad, entitled *' The Merry Girl of Portici,'* introducing the most favorite Airs from *Masaniello*, by Miss LOVE.
' Young Billy Lackaday's Lamentations ; or, the Misfortunate Fondling,' and ' We are all Scramblers,' by Mr HARLEY.
' The Soldier tired,' Miss BETTS.

Mr LISTON will recite his COMIC ADDRESS,
In the Character of MAW-WORM.

To conclude with a Burletta Spectaculor Extravaganza, called

A Spectre on Horseback !

Or, Don Giovanni.

Don Giovanni, Miss LOVE, who will introduce a Serenade, entitled
' The White Maid of Avenel,'
' Oh no, we never mention her,' and *' My own Blue Bell.'*
Don Guzman, and Ghost of himself, Mr BEDFORD.
Leporello.....Mr HARLEY, Don Octavio.....Mr BLAND,
Donna Anna.....Miss A. TREE, Lobsteretta..... Mrs C. JONES,
Shrimperina, Mrs ORGER, Bride, Miss RUSSELL.
The MARBLE HORSE by a REAL PONEY, except in 2nd Act)
In the course of the Extravaganza,
The favorite Hornpipe, from *The Little Captive*, (as a Bavarian Broom Girl) by Miss ROSA BYRNE.
The admired Bolero from *Masaniello*, Miss Angelica & Mr Gilbert.

To-morrow, Paul Pry, Deaf as a Post, and 'Twould Puzzle a Conjuror ; for the Benefit of Mr LISTON.